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The Supreme Court Speaks

IN THE TRADITION of high principle, both constitutional and humane, is the decision of the Supreme Court setting aside the California Anti-Migrant Act. Forty-odd years old, the law has been in the public eye and on the public conscience especially since the economic crisis created by the droughts of recent years. Popular designation of the Act as the "Okie" statute carries the reminder that Oklahoma migrants have been among those of many states leaving the great central dust bowl to seek sustenance westward. The rousing, indignant novel, "Grapes of Wrath," which John Steinbeck wrote to publicize the plight of these indigents, has helped perhaps to crystalize the impression that California has a particular grudge against them. In point of fact the harsh measures taken by that state have been largely due to the accident that the mass migrations have hit it especially hard. Twenty-seven other states widely scattered throughout the union have similar anti-migrant laws, which are presumably invalidated by the Court's decision. That decision was reached on the case of a California resident who brought a jobless relative across the state line to help him get a new start, and received a six-months sentence (suspended) therefor. Arguing the appeal on the grounds that poverty is not a "moral pestilence," the American Civil Liberties Union deserves to share honors for the decision.

Substance for constructive controversy may be found in the alignment of opinion within the Supreme Court itself. The decision was unanimous, but the reasons adduced showed a very interesting diversity. Justice Byrnes, for the majority, found against the Act on the relatively technical basis of its exceeding state police power and violating interstate commerce, although his opinion is expanded by a fine quotation from the late Justice Cardozo to the effect that "in the long run prosperity and salvation are in union and not division." Justices Douglas, Black and Murphy based the right of citizens to move freely throughout the union on the Fourteenth Amendment, and pointed out, in words destined for frequent quotation, that barring the indigent from this freedom "would permit those who are stigmatized by a state as . . . paupers or vagabonds to be relegated to an inferior class of citizenship." Justice Jackson's concurrence was even more explicitly separated. He made some pointed reflections on the majority's citation of the constitution's interstate commerce clause, deprecating such an inadequate measure of the citizen's rights as "likely to result . . . either in distorting the commercial law or in denaturing human rights." And he instructed the Court that it should "say, now and in no uncertain terms, that a man's mere property status . . . cannot be used by a state to test, qualify or limit his rights as a citizen." In conclusion, it is fair to say that the majority opinion was accompanied by a very penetrating statement bearing upon the "national concern" in "the social phenomenon of large-scale interstate migration. . . . The spectacle of large segments of our population constantly on the move has given rise to urgent demands upon the ingenuity of government," declared Justice Byrnes. He cited the alleged difficulties of California with immigrant "problems of health, morals and finance," and added, "It is not for us to say that this is not true." On the whole, the ground is cleared for constructive planning around one of the nation's vital problems.

US Troops in Dutch Guiana

OF THE MANY ANGLES from which may be viewed the announcement that our troops have been sent to Surinam to protect the strategic bauxite mines, one of the most important is the way that step was arrived at. The news stories do not go so far as to say it in so many words, but it appears that this is a Pan-American rather than a lone United States move. It is not only that this step was announced as a joint démarche by the United States, Brazil and the Netherlands or that certain administrative work in Surinam is to be carried out by a joint Brazilian-US commission. There was also the statement of acting Foreign Minister Mauricio Nabuco in relation to this step, "Brazil cooperates whole-heartedly in all matters vital to the protection of this hemisphere." The Brazilian Foreign Minister, Dr. Aranha, returning from a visit to the Argentine, said that Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay were unanimous on the question of hemisphere

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defense and told of his plans to appoint a Brazilian commission to carry out the work in Dutch Guiana. At the same time the Argentine Foreign Minister, Dr. de Ruiz-Guiñazú, declares that this maneuver is a "normal thing" and stresses the harmony between his country and Brazil. Finally the Mexican Foreign Minister, Señor Padilla, speaking before the Senate in Mexico City, stated that "In this hemisphere the United States alone possesses the military capacity proportionate to the dangers that threaten." Is it too much to infer that the United States did not take this step without first consulting the governments of the other Americas? In any case this action is right in line with the Havana, Panama and Lima agreements.

That this is a result of the constantly developing "good neighbor" policy is indicated by other features of the announcement. Our troops are to be withdrawn from the mines as soon as the present threat to their safety has subsided, at the very latest when present hostilities cease. The troops themselves received a warm welcome upon their arrival. Nearby the United States has been collaborating with the Brazilian government in constructing a dozen strategic modern landing fields. Dutch, Brazilian and United States forces are jointly to take all necessary defense measures. What a far cry from the old tactics of landing several companies of marines to protect the interests of North American investors! At long last the United States appears genuinely interested in the "free development of all neighboring countries" to quote the Mexican Foreign Minister again. What started us in this direction may well have been the instinct for national self-defense, but hemisphere solidarity may none the less develop into something genuine and lasting.

We cannot leave this topic without pointing to further evidence that this was a good strategical move. The emphasis it was given in the German papers at the very moment that 13 "powers" were signing an anti-Comintern pact in Berlin is a good sign. So much fury at a Yankee "invasion of South America" would hardly be forthcoming were it not some kind of checkmate to certain nazi dreams. If the United States can proceed to build up hemispheric collaboration in economic, cultural, political and military matters, that will also serve as a solid preparation for taking our place in a more fruitful international organization when the war is over.

Oriental Solution

THE DRAMATIC Saturday-after-Thanksgiving announcement that John L. Lewis had accepted the President's proposal for arbitration of the captive coal mine strike had at least one very great advantage: it saved everybody's face. Such conservative commentators as David Lawrence have seen in it a surrender on the part of Mr. Roosevelt, while admirers of our chief executive can point with pride to his statesmanlike "solution" of the crisis. He did not openly ask for anti-strike legislation from a Congress only too willing to pass it; he did not go back on his declaration that the government would not enforce the closed shop; he did not have to use the army; he did not allow to dispute to degenerate into a personal struggle for power between himself and Mr. Lewis. Such a face-saving outcome may seem to many people a disappointing thing: people like to have their fights end in knock-outs. But for the welfare of the nation this seems to us far from being the case. It is very important that men's faces should be saved, if no major values are sacrificed in the process. For a vastly popular leader, like either Mr. Lewis or Mr. Roosevelt, to be humiliated is a bad thing. It creates animosities which can seriously affect the peace of a nation. Let no one underestimate, if they would be realistic, the importance of this old oriental custom.

Of course there remains the question of what the final outcome will be. Since both contracting parties have bound themselves to abide by the decision of the arbitrators, it is the only fair assumption to suppose that they will do so. Obviously the steel companies do not want the closed shop, although their opposition seems to be based on other issues than those involved in this dispute, in view of the fact that only five percent of the workers affected are not presently organized. The union equally obviously does want the closed shop. The decision, therefore, in substance rests with John R. Steelman, the third abitrator. He is an able and fair-minded man—a man whom even the conservatives admit knows his business—"perhaps the best mediator in the country." He is the same man who settled the coal controversy last spring, granting the union the closed shop, in an agreement which is at issue in this very dispute. Hence he would seem at the outset favorable to the Lewis cause. Yet of course the one case is no necessary precedent for the other, and even if the union wins in the second dispute as it won in the first, the agreement reached may carry with it all sorts of restrictions on future acts. Or it may be followed by legislation having this effect. Indeed the present temper of the public—and the President's—mind would make this last possibility almost a certainty if the closed shop results.

In any case, Mr. Roosevelt had his way to the extent that a serious stoppage of production for defense was nipped in the bud; Mr. Lewis had his way in that the winning of the closed shop is more than a mere possibility. And the commonweal won its victory in that the army did not intervene and no one was humiliated. The chief blot on the scutcheon remains the blood shed on the picket line—a feature of American strikes which should most seriously of all disturb every citizen.

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Toward a Policy

PETAIN is a Quisling: throw out Henry-Haye. Throw out his typewriter and his typist: throw out the Military Attaché. Throw out every Frenchman who has not been deprived of his nationality. All right. Here is something else for the ashcan. Throw out the cold winter night that is falling over the countryside of France. Throw out the peasant coming home from his field and the workman from the factory. Wait outside the Sorbonne and catch them as they come there—the professor of archeology and the philosopher and the chemist: throw them out with their students. Go into every home in France and throw out the empty pots and pans: throw out the ashes from the fireless stoves: throw out the corpses from their graves. Break the statues, burn the books and the paintings. And burn too your heart and all that filled it of France.

You know best, you know how to ruin this war. You know how to make the slogans, how to tell the State Department about it and the President. There is nothing I can tell you. You know it all. But, for the record, this is what you are doing. You are driving the French into Hitler's order.

This war against Hitler, that I have supported and support, will see us soon, practically, and perhaps technically, obliged to act with force against the force of France. If we occupy French colonial territory we will do so by an act of war. We will be obliged to act as the British already have acted and as de Gaulle most unhappily has been obliged to act. If, when that time comes, we have broken relations with the Government of France we will be at war with France, all that is left of France, the national entity on the map which is named France. Also we will be at war with Europe. It will be against Europe that we will have to win the war, to Europe that we may lose it, with Europe that we may compromise and negotiate a peace. Doubtless on the day we break with France, we will recognize de Gaulle as the head of the French Government; certainly that day we will recognize Hitler as spokesman for Europe.

What will we thus have destroyed? The civil, revolutionary character of the war, the fraternal cause of our concern in the war.

If this war is allowed to become a war between continents, then it becomes another kind of war, a Lindbergh war, a war in which the balance of power between the English speaking nations is upheld against the European continent on one hand and an Asiatic formation on the other. It is no longer the war in which we intervened. It is no longer the war which came because barriers of nationalisms and of distance were broken down and we recognized our duty to stand at the side of those, no matter who they were, who refused to compromise with fascism. It is no longer the war to turn the German police out of Paris, it becomes simply a war to crystallize greater units, continental units, in a permanent antagonism of power. If it becomes that war, if we allow it to become that war, then break with France. What matters the despair of the French? They will stand or fall with Hitler.

Assuming that we are still free to determine the character of our participation in the war, I submit this declaration to American interventionists:

We will permit nothing to break our determination to ruin the system which the German Government is imposing by force on the peoples of Europe. But no matter what we are led to do while pursuing this effort, we will permit nothing to cancel our presence amid the peoples of Europe. Our aim is above nationalisms and it is revolutionary: it is to join with Europe in a system of pluralistic liberties.

We will make of France a test case. We will refuse at any time a peace with Germany which does not give the people of France regional liberty within the framework of a freely accepted European political organization. As long as the German armies are in France, we will not accept any French arrangement with Germany as freely determined by the French people. In this connection we will dismiss all diplomatic traditional automatisms. We will refuse to break relations with the French Government, no matter what course we are led to take against men acting under its instructions. We will refuse, under any circumstances, to withdraw from France our Ambassador to the French nation. Our representatives will leave France only if expelled. And the French Ambassador to this country, M. Henry-Haye, will share the respect we have never denied and shall never deny his country. We do not judge countries or men acting under compulsion. We will refuse to accept a declaration of war or to declare war ourselves. We will remain present in France because we intend to remain present in Europe. Just as Hitler uses France as the only channel through which he can have contact with the extra-European world, so through France we will maintain a bridgehead in Europe.

But if that bridgehead is to be more than a symbol of military action, if it is to be proof—convincing and immediate proof—of our fraternal presence among the people we wish to save, then, through it, now, must start passing an unceasing supply of food. The Government of the United States, officially, must send food to France. Now, throughout the war, regardless of the course of the war, regardless of the outcome of the war, now and after the war, our ships must sail, heavily loaded, to France. It is only by this action, deliberately and persistently undertaken, that the war can be given a meaning we will not regret.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Spanish-American Poet

The life and ideas of Gabriela Mistral.

By **Clarence Finlayson**

IN 1889 there was born in Vicuña, a small town in northern Chile, an infant who in the course of years was destined to be one of the most famous women of our time. Lucila Godoy was of humble parentage. Her family gained its living working in the fields, as did the majority of the neighbors in that agricultural region. Her earliest years were thus spent in the country. At the age of 15 she began her calling as a teacher in a small rural school. For several years, years which were decisive in her development, Lucila Godoy was dealing with children and with the very poorest children in her native land. When she was about 20 years old she went from elementary to secondary school teaching. She remained as a teacher and then as director of a school for 15 years. Throughout that period she visited many of the educational institutions in Chile, teaching at Traiguen, Antofagasta, Andes, Punta Areñas, Temuco and Santiago. Her idealistic and apostolic temperament exercised a strong influence on young people. But no one, or hardly anyone, knew then of her daily labor, heroic, hidden, and most fruitful for the invisible domains of the human soul.

When she was a teacher at Andes, a village near the mountains, she became known throughout her native land through a literary gathering that took place at Santiago, the capital, and was sponsored by the writers' society of that city. Carried away by her admiration for two European poets, Gabriel D'Annunzio and Frederic Mistral, she had submitted to the conference some remarkably beautiful poems entitled "Soñetos de la Muerte" (Sonnets on Death). She presented them under the pseudonym of Gabriela Mistral that was to be famous all over the world and bury her real name forever. They were published in Chile in 1922. Immediately there was the greatest enthusiasm for her poetic talents, seldom found in South America in so striking, so appealing, so profound a form. Her lyrical talent was recognized as among the very highest in all Spanish literature.

In Chile as in other Spanish-American countries it is the custom to give great writers commissions or consular posts in foreign lands in order to supply them with the necessary surroundings to develop their talents and thus brilliantly represent their country. It must be borne in mind that the Latin race has great esteem for literature. Especially in South America the leading poets attain a fame often wider and more popular than that of the most noted statesmen. Pablo Neruda, another of our greatest Chilean poets, has read his poems out of doors in public parks before thousands of people. In this way poetry takes on educative values, promoting esthetic sentiments.

In 1922 the Chilean Government gave Gabriela Mistral a commission to go to Mexico to study the founding and organization of libraries. The same year her complete poems were published in a volume entitled "Desolación." The first edition was published in New York under the auspices of the Spanish Institute, whose president, Federico de Onis, was professor of Spanish Literature at Columbia University.

In Mexico Gabriela Mistral became associated with the educational work of José Vasconcelos and took the greatest interest in the problem of the Indian. At times her desire to express the sadness found in those original inhabitants of our America appears in her poetry.

Her educational and poetical endeavors were so successful that in 1926 she was appointed the cultural representative of Spanish-America at the League of Nations at Geneva. In Europe she filled the post of Secretary of the Institute for Intellectual Cooperation with its residence in Paris at the Palais Royal. In 1928 she represented Chile and Ecuador at the International University Conference at Madrid. The year before she had been the delegate of the Teachers' Association of Chile at Locarno. From then on Gabriela Mistral belonged to the consular service of Chile and has been Chilean consul at Madrid, Lisbon, Nice and elsewhere. At present she is Chilean consul at Nictheroy, Brazil. Changes in political parties in Chile, when new presidents come in and the whole diplomatic corps is supplanted, have not affected her. So great is her reputation that each successive government feels honored to have Gabriela as its representative abroad.

Her poetry and some of its qualities

Although her poetry is little known in the English language, it enjoys universal favor among our peoples. Some of her compositions have been

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translated into French, English, etc., but they have not reached the general public. From here on I shall endeavor to say something about several of her poems. In all of them there is a unique delicacy, gentle resignation and an inclination that is spontaneously ethical. Her principal influences are the Bible, Tagore, the Mexican poet, Amado Nervo, and the outstanding Spanish-American poet, Rubén Darío.

"Decalogue of the Artist," a kind of "Ars Poetica," is one of her most famous compositions. Its force is so great that this literary jewel might have appeared over the signature of Paul Claudel. Its religious character makes it particularly profound. Here are these ten commandments:

DECALOGUE OF THE ARTIST

1. Thou shalt love beauty which is the shadow of God over the universe.
2. There is no art that is atheistic. Even though thou dost not love the Creator, thou wilt affirm His existence by creating in His likeness.
3. Thou shalt not use Beauty as fodder for the feelings, but as the natural food of the soul.
4. It shall not serve as a pretext for luxury or vanity but only as a spiritual exercise.
5. Thou shalt not seek it in the market place nor put thy talents at the service of the vulgar, for Beauty is virginal and what is found in the market place is not beauty.
6. Beauty will rise from thine heart to thy poem and thou shalt first be cleansed.
7. Beauty shall also bear the name of Pity and will console the hearts of men.
8. Thou shalt bring forth thy work as a child is born, staunching the blood of thine heart.
9. Beauty shall not be for thee an opiate that lulls thee to sleep, but a generative wine which fires thee to action, for if thou dost fall from thy full stature of man or woman thou dost cease to be an artist.
10. After thine every creative act thou shalt emerge humbled, for thou shalt have fallen short of thine own vision and short of that wonderful vision of God which is nature.

The poetry of Gabriela Mistral has from time to time touched on profound metaphysical subjects. It is in accord with our temperament and character to regard nature as a mother that is always protecting us, as part of the breath of our daily life, moreover something to which we subconsciously ascribe life or personality. The Spanish-American poet is often imbued with cosmic ideas: the universe appears to him as an all-embracing whole, as a continuing and perennial echo of his own aspirations, as the vesture of his intimate and most profound sorrows.

European romanticism took hold in Latin America as a natural expression of our fatalistic, passionate temperament, chained down by nature. Chile lies between the ocean and the mountains and is virtually a long narrow shore, like an island always facing the Pacific. There is a constant sensation of imprisonment, yet a feeling of limitless space by which the vastness of the sea, always before our eyes, falsely appears to liberate us.

All this has given us a certain attitude of resignation and of pensiveness that is marked in our poetry. Even in the most ancient native literature of our America there throbs and breathes that resignation in the face of facts, of life, of the world. It is a pessimism that is never still, never satisfied. It is continually nourished by a hidden ancestral force. It is not the state of mind of which Chesterton spoke, which at the moment of inspiration and success delights in its own created work, its own work of art, and then intones a hymn of joy together with all creatures in the universe. No, our pessimism is a tranquil pessimism, fatalistic, rather of feeling than of thought. Nor is it for this reason the transcendental pessimism of a Leopardi, systematically transcendental, consciously conceived, having for its basis a reality sorrowful in itself. Our pessimism comes naturally; it is emotional, not metaphysical; corresponds to a sadness caused by our terrible and limited natural surroundings pressing down on us, confining us, limiting us.

In the most simple poems of Gabriela Mistral we find that tendency and that sadness. Take for example her poem:

LA LLUVIA LENTA (THE SLOW RAIN)*

Esta agua medrosa y triste,
como un niño que padece,
antes de tocar la tierra
desfallece

Quieto el árbol, quieto el viento,
¡y en el silencio estupendo,
este fino llanto amargo
cayendo!

El cielo es como un inmenso
corazón que se abre, amargo.
No llueve: es un sangrar lento
y largo.

Dentro del hogar, los hombres
no sienten esta amargura,
este envío de agua triste
de la altura.

Este largo y fatigante
descender de aguas vencidas,
hacia la tierra yacente
y transida.

Bajando está el agua inerte,
callada como un ensueño,
como las criaturas leves
de los sueños.

* That tearful and sad water, like a suffering child, before reaching the earth languishes. Tranquil the tree, tranquil the wind and in the fearful silence that fine rain sorrowfully falling. The sky is like a huge heart that opens in sadness. It is not rain: it is a long slow bleeding. Inside the house men do not feel this sadness, that flood of sorrowful water from above. That long and tiring descent of conquered waters leaves the earth flattened and exhausted. The mass of water is falling, silently as a dream, as the fragile creatures of dreams. It rains . . . and like the tragic figure of a jackal, the night lies in wait on the mountain ridge. What will come forth in the darkness from the earth? Will you sleep on while outside there is falling sorrowfully that lifeless water, that lethal water, sister of death?

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Llueve . . . y como un chacal trágico
la noche acecha en la sierra.
¿Qué va a surgir, en la sombra,
de la Tierra?
¿Dormireis, mientras afuera
cae, sufriendo, esta agua inerte,
esta agua letal, hermana
de la Muerte?

Gabriela Mistral often likes to explain poetically the mysteries of things. In one of her prose poems she says:

LO FEO (UGLINESS)

You have not unraveled the enigma of ugliness. You do not know why the Lord and Master of the lilies of the field permits the snake in the fields and the toad in the well. He permits them. He allows them to cross over the dewy moss.

With ugliness matter is weeping; I have heard its moan. Look upon sorrow and embrace it. Love the spider and the beetle as sorrowful because they do not, as the rose does, possess the gift of felicity. Love them because they are a deluded aspiration for beauty, an unheard desire for perfection. They are like one of your days, wasted and wretched in spite of you. Love them because they do not remind us of God, nor do they make us think of His beloved countenance.

Have a lively sympathy for those that seek, so intensely with tremendous longing, the beauty that will not come. The spider, with its enormous belly, dreams of ideals in its delicate web, and the beetle exudes a moisture over its black loins in order to attain by a trick a fugitive brilliance.

In another prose poem, one of her most beautiful monologues, she gives Christian counsel on the humility we ought to have in our actions, in our life. It is no doubt one of her most moving compositions:

A UN SEMBRADOR (TO A SOWER)

Sow without looking upon the earth where the seed falls. You are lost if you turn to the countenances of the others. Your glance inviting their reply will strike them as an invitation to praise you and even if they agree you are right, they will refuse to make this reply out of pride. Give your word and follow eagerly without turning your head. When they see you have gone some distance, they will accept your seed; perhaps they will kiss it tenderly and carry it to their hearts.

Don't stamp your portrait on the metal of your doctrine. That will deprive you of the love of the selfish ones and the selfish are the world.

Speak to your brethren in the shadows of the late afternoon in order to obscure your countenance and disguise your voice to the point that it is indistinguishable from any other voice. Make yourself forgotten, make yourself forgotten. . . . Do as the branch that does not keep any trace of the fruit that it allows to fall to the ground.

Toward the most business-like, those who claim to be least interested in dreams, let them know the infinite value of a dream and refrain from aggrandizing him who dreamed it.

Do as the father did who forgave his enemy on surprising him in the act of embracing his son. Suffer yourself to be embraced in your marvelous vision of redemption. Regard it in silence and smile. . . .

Let the sacred joy of entering into thought be sufficient for you; let the solitary and divine savor of its infinite sweetness suffice for you. It is a mystery in which God and your soul are present. Shall you not surrender to that tremendous witness? Knowing once you have possessed it you will not forget.

God also maintains that modest silence because He is the Humble One. He has poured forth His creatures and the beauty of things through hills and valleys, silently, with less noise than the grass makes in growing. Let the lovers of things come and regard them, get to know them, become enraptured with them, tenderly holding them close. Never give your vision a name. It is silent, silent and it smiles.

Many of these poems equal and even surpass the prose poems of Tagore. There is in South American poetry a deeper Christian sentiment, a more profound invocation to God, as Lord of the universe and Master of souls. There never flourishes in her poems the strain of pantheism that the Orientals bring to all their compositions.

Gabriela Mistral in all her poems conceals or manifests a universal maternal instinct for children, the poor and the unfortunate. That spiritual maternity comes from the purity of her ideal. Solitude in her interior life impels her that more profoundly toward communion with all her kind, with humanity, with all created beings, with God. And in God are joined and perfected all desires.

Her apostolate, aside from that of teaching, took her to Mexico where she concerned herself with the problem of the Indian. There she understood the soul of our America, its secret and real foundation; the Indian serves as the racial basis whence came, upon intermingling with the Spaniards, our Ibero-American race. Together with Vasconcelos she struggled to incorporate the Indian into the civilization of Spain.

In these terrible times the voice of Gabriela Mistral has allowed itself to be raised in favor of democracy. With her wide moral authority she has been speaking and writing on the need of defending liberty. She has recently expressed these sentiments clearly and finally, making an appeal to the conscience of youth to become Christian and repel the totalitarian dangers that menace South America from within. I had the honor of addressing her in a message that appeared in the Chilean review, *Hoy*, over a month ago, congratulating her on her courageous declarations. In that message I demonstrated that our whole tradition has always been converging toward liberty, toward social democracy. At this hour, I told her, we must join with the United States of America to protect our spiritual heritage. Gabriela Mistral regards America as the world of the future and desires continental solidarity in order to work and struggle for the formation of a society more like the Kingdom of God. In order to attain this destiny we must today disabuse ourselves of the fatalistic and economic conception of the modern world in order to transform it into an ordered conception of scientific and cultural disciplines based on more universal justice and more perfect love.

With these few words I have sought to present Gabriela Mistral to the American public. South America now produces great writers, has arrived at a certain cultural maturity that is beginning to take on universal lineaments. Especially in poetry

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we have given Spanish literature values of the first rank. Names such as those of Pablo Neruda, Leopoldo Lugones and others follow the splendid tradition of Rubén Darío, Herrera y Reissig, Amado Nervo; they are thrusting beyond our frontiers to be appreciated in Europe and other quarters of the globe. Gabriela Mistral is today the most prominent figure in our culture.

Quaker Relief in France

How, what and where they do it.

***By* Kate Vernon**

AMERICAN QUAKERS in France who happened to be on the ground when bridges began to give way and Panzer troops poured into Paris began at once supplying relief to the best of their small resources in the districts where they happened to be. They provided babies with milk, mothers with extra food and school children with a little supplementary noonday nourishment. Often the Quakers' noon meal of rice and cocoa was all that half the children were receiving.

Their energetic director, Howard Kershner, was soon buying up tramp steamers' supplies whenever he found money on hand and sometimes when not, cabling his New York organization for funds to pay at a steamship company's American address. When he flew to America to report to Quakers of New York and Philadelphia, he left behind him not the few "legitimate Friends" who had begun work with him, but also a corps of some thirty-five efficient and trained former Red Cross or social service workers. Regardless of creed, they all worked under the little flag or arm band of the Quaker Star, symbol of the Friends War Victims Relief Committee which was first formed in 1870 to relieve civilian sufferers of the Franco-Prussian war in northeastern France. The Quaker Star shone also in 1914, when it started the work lasting for nine years in nine different European countries, from France to Russia and from Serbia to the Baltic Sea.

The desperate hurry with which a handful of workers can start ladling up soup and searching around for tins of milk for the starving babies in one thickly-populated center, Marseilles, and then in a few months can branch out until their work spreads to six other cities as well as the country, seems nothing short of miraculous. Who worked for these original ten or so Quakers who started the relief program? Obviously new personnel could not arrive speedily enough in France from outside. Americans stranded momentarily in France began to join the Quakers. One of them, Mrs. Caroline Hill, reached Marseilles half dead from exhaustion, after ten days on the road from Paris to Bordeaux at the time of the fiercest bombardments and machine-gun attacks on the highways. She was trying with what money and a car she had to save three little French children and their mother and father.

Breakdowns

On the first night, fifteen miles out of Paris, their car broke down and they were pushed into a courtyard. For the next nine days they had constantly to fight their way on and off the choked roads. Second day pulled by a truck, car had broken something. Third day pulled by a McCormick-Deering tractor, making only three miles an hour. On and off roads for bombardments. Slept in farmyard in the car with one hundred employees that were being evacuated from a large Normandy farm. One raw egg apiece for breakfast. No water, it was unsafe here. Fourth day after three o'clock steady bombardments of the road. No food by this time. Had to leave car every few minutes to run to the woods or hide in ditches. Awake all night. Not allowed to get onto the road to move because the French troops were advancing. At three o'clock troops had to stop for a moment. A woman having a baby and must be moved to a field at the other side of the road. Quickly opportunity seized; Mrs. Hill's driver convinced a military official that they must follow in with their car because one of the children was sick. Now they trailed the army truck where a white dish towel was tied to signal them down a pitch-black road. They were the only civilians in the army cortège. Crossed the Loire at dawn. Then terrific bombardments of towns they were in, when sometimes half the population, half the towns, would be wiped out. Slept in forest that night, worn out, with no food. Left at dawn again and heard at noon that Pétain would ask for armistice.

Car broke down again and some little boy mechanics of the nearest town tried to repair it. Slept again in the car. Found a truck early next

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morning to tow unrepaired car. Slept that night at cheese factory. Left at dawn and passed by mistake through the German lines. In bombardments all day. Finally arrived, half dead, at Bellac in the evening. Slept there. Left at three in the afternoon of the following day. Had been *alertes* all morning, five of them, which necessitated running to cellar. People had been killed in the town the day before so *alertes* were taken seriously. Slept next night at St. Julien. Left at dawn, towed by truck again because car's radiator had been smashed in a congestion on the road. Slept that night at side of road. Started out again at dawn. Stopped only once at a tavern by the road, the first rest of this sort they had enjoyed on the whole trip. Reached Bordeaux in a state of physical collapse, tongues parched from experience of finding no water, or else water that was dangerous to drink, memories of food something in a painted past.

To work

After this Mrs. Hill took a brief rest and went to work for the Quakers in Marseilles. They began distribution there with only the smallest supply imaginable of milk. This came from Switzerland and the troubles they had procuring milk after that made the continuance of the clinic seem most precarious from day to day. Sometimes available supplies of milk were "frozen" in Switzerland, not allowed to pass by the Germans; sometimes they did not have sufficient funds when milk was obtainable to get it—until some of the dealers began to understand and to trust them. From month to month they wondered whether they could get the milk and other supplies, and whether they could pay for them. Sometimes other organizations turned over funds for them to administer. The International Red Cross sent them some money from Geneva. Recently the American Red Cross has turned over funds to them which were budgeted explicitly for the care of children in devastated areas. Since the Quakers were already organized and at work, it was thought that they could care for the children best.

The first problem is to find foodstuffs for sale. This is done by securing information in various countries as to quantity, quality and kinds of food that might be purchased and then finding the kind of currency in which payment for the food must be made. After that permission of the government of the country must be secured to export the food. In the case of Portugal permission must also be had from the British government and in Switzerland from the German control over goods entering France.

Finally, it is necessary to obtain from Washington licenses to pay for each individual purchase. This seems to involve a heartbreaking amount of time, when needy children and mothers are crowding around the workers. As a Quaker puts it, "In wishing to buy from a seller we have approached we must say to him: 'We will buy your merchandise provided your Government approves, provided the belligerent nations involved approve, and provided a license for the purchase can be secured at Washington. We ask you, therefore, to hold your merchandise at our disposal for a period of some weeks or months, until these various factors can be resolved.'"

The Quakers in Marseilles counted on fifty tons of milk to feed four thousand babies a month. Their first real supply of milk began to arrive the middle of December, 1940, and they began saving the lives of thousands of babies. "We have been feeding ten thousand," Mrs. Hill told friends gathered at a luncheon in her honor, "but are hoping now to feed fifteen thousand in Marseilles alone. Recently we bought a whole shipload of milk, 243 tons. And the work is going on not alone in Marseilles where we started but also in Auch, Lyons, Montauban, Montpelier, Perpignan and Toulouse, with some milk distribution now also in Paris."

Mrs. Hill told of the quota of butter allowed an individual, showing a tiny little measure about the size of an acorn, that was supposed to be given three times a week. It would make a person's butter allowance less than the equivalent of a quarter of a pound a month. "And," she added, "the butter is so seldom seen in the shops or markets that one is fortunate to get an eighth of a pound a month." Similar shortages she reported, as for example, no sardines at all—the staple food, like meat to Americans, of the lower classes —no meat sometimes for weeks or months at a time, practically no fruit or fresh vegetables, and limited quantities of dried vegetables.

"This works a terrific hardship on the whole population," she pointed out, "but particularly is the effect deplorable on the children. They become ill and show the effects of undernourishment almost at once, increased disease, scabies, decay of teeth, etc. The seeds of later illnesses or weaknesses are planted in these early years. The weakening of the whole race is sure to follow if this cannot be stopped."

Vitamins

The first shipment of vitamins was mixed with chocolate and distributed in the form of small chocolate squares, each containing a standard dose of Vitamin A, and wrapped in paper bearing the inscription "Gift of the American Quakers." More than half a million of these squares, each with its little message of friendship and love were distributed through the public schools in the city of Lyons. On account of the scarcity of chocolate and sugar, and to avoid loss of time, the second shipment of Vitamin A was given out by placing

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a drop of the concentrate on a piece of bread and then handed out to the child.

Colony care of children also began in a hectic, uneven way at the outbreak of the German Occupation. The Quakers found a group of 2,000 youngsters stranded and ready to starve in a metallurgical area being heavily bombed and helped build a village for them in a well-wooded and protected area. Several colonies have now been started in Unoccupied France, like the Macjannet Colony at Pringy and the Colony La Rouvière, where the children are cared for with real love and in homelike surroundings in the spacious manor houses turned over for them to use by private individuals in the country. Quakers supervise the care of the children and the Quaker-distributed tinned milks, cocoa, sugar, rice, vitamins and cod liver oil, which arrive frequently, while local women contribute their services in looking after the children and gathering up as many other foods from the nearby farms as possible. With the extreme shortage of gasoline and oil making it next to impossible for the farmer to get his produce to the cities, it is their hope that more and more of these colonies may be started. Here the starving French evacuee children, as well as some of the more unfortunate stranded orphans, would find shelter.

But while this work is the most noteworthy of its kind in the world today, it is still very small in comparison with France's tragic need. There are all too few colonies in Unoccupied France and there is scarcely nothing of this sort in Occupied France. In Paris alone the necessity for it is compelling.

Many French families are now also receiving home colony care. Under careful supervision extra rations are being given to selected families. Some 4,400 refugee children at present interned with their parents in concentration camps are receiving extra food and clothing too, as well as medicines, from the Friends Service Committee. Their school feeding program, which started on a small scale, now embraces 50,000 children in 400 schools. They will continue to receive rice, cocoa, sugar and dried vegetables, supplementing the soup provided by the local authorities at lunch, a bulwark against inadequate rations at home and sometimes the only real meal that many of the youngsters have.

Just the other day a Friends Service Committee worker in New York told me that they are now feeding some 86,000 children and may feed more very soon. At the spacious French Coordinating Council Headquarters, 4 West 58 Street, the three strong forces—American Friends Service Committee (the Quakers), French Coordinated Committees (Funds for France, all French relief groups), and Miss Anne Morgan's Committee of the Red Cross—have joined hands in making the season up to Christmas a bang-up success in raising money for France's needy. At headquarters there is a remarkable exhibit of the renowned Atget photographs of old Paris, together with donated drawings and paintings by Christian Bérard, Jean Cocteau, Marcel Gromaire, Fernand Léger, Paul Tschelitchew and Vertès. On exhibit and for sale is an attractive collection of water-colors by French school children from the various departments. A Christmas party there, December 18, will bring together members of the participating organizations and their friends and facilitate drawing up a program for the coming year.

The most amazing thing about the work that is being done to help France is that from those first ten or a dozen Quakers who "just happened to be in France" (they were attending to some of their recently moved Spanish refugee families there) so much has already been started in just one year. Their staff in France is now about one hundred and twenty. They handle funds for all French organizations in America, as well as for the Red Cross. Many besides Quakers are working with them.

Red Rag on the Hogpen Door

Maria, Mahala, and Jane, the Silvernail sisters,
all over seventy, lived on the nearest farm.
They were as individual as oak and elm and hemlock.
Each liked her own way, each her own food,
and had it; they kept their separate cupboards,
set their separate tables, and lived at peace together.

The sisters had a signal when they were in trouble.
They'd hang a red rag on the hogpen door
to call for help. Often the boy when young
saw the red flag go up, and saw his father and mother
hurry down the road to put out a chimney fire,
or drive the Silvernails' cows out of their corn.
He came to see his father and mother in a new light:
they were the rock that three old women leaned against,
the thing they reached for when their need was pressing.

One day he saw the red rag go up on the hogpen door,
and for Maria there was nothing anyone could do,
except the preacher and the undertaker, and that
no help. And later in their times Jane and Mahala
went by the same signal.

When he was old enough to look back
on the past, the boy saw with new eyes how much
he too had leaned upon that same strong rock,
the father and the mother there in time of need,
answering such signals as red rags on a hogpen door.
But now that rock was gone, it stood no more;
now he in turn became a strength, and people put
their signals out for him, but for himself
(sometimes a sad thought in the dark night hours)
no longer any place to lean.

FRED LAPE.

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Books for Christmas

WHAT with paper shortages and other unusual tribulations, this year it is not as easy as usual to prepare a list of recommended books for Christmas giving. Some of the publishers are very late in their schedules, and that means that a number of the books which were supposed to be publishing "events" were published so late (or else are not even yet available) that it is impossible to recommend them on any other basis than the publishers' say-so. This being the case, we have tried to avoid in the list that follows recommending any book about which we do not have some knowledge either at first or second hand—when we do recommend such a book, it is specifically stated that the book has just been or is about to be published. Surely out of all the titles listed and described in the paragraphs that follow readers can find something to fit their needs—perhaps even some books they will want to give to themselves. (Prices are subject to change!)

Resemblance Coincidental. It has not been a bad year for novels. No single one is outstanding in stature, but there are a number of readable volumes sound enough. Most prominent novel of the year, "The Keys of the Kingdom," is no great shakes from a literary point of view. The author's past successes, the character of his latest message and the controversy over his current message led to tremendous sales. Otherwise there was little sustained shouting for volumes of American fiction. Here are a few of the better volumes:

THEY CAME TO A RIVER. Allis McKay. Macmillan. $2.75. A story of a woman's life on the Columbia River in the early days, warmly nostalgic in tone.

WINE OF THE COUNTRY. Hamilton Basso. Scribners. $2.50. One of the year's more thoughtful and serious novels with American cultural decline as its theme. The author is of the same unhappy opinion as Ellen Glasgow. His heroine is a truly tragic figure.

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. A. J. Cronin. Little. $2.50. A melodramatic and moving plea for tolerance by a popular author who writes more successfully of doctors and medicine than he does of the priesthood. But a book which has its moments.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW. John Buchan. Houghton. $2.50. A fine novel about the Canadian north woods which seems to indicate that the author was writing under the presentiment of his approaching death.

THE YOUNG AND THE IMMORTAL. Isabel Currier. Knopf. $2.50. A moving first novel about a woman's quest for happiness in the 1920's and 30's. The problem child of a Canadian convent school is the heroine.

THE ELIZABETH OMNIBUS. Elizabeth. Doubleday. $3.00. A good buy for Elizabeth fans, with so much of their favorite interpreter of high society between the covers of a single volume.

IN THIS OUR LIFE. Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt. $2.50. The most distinguished novel of the year deals with young people's vain and desperate search for happiness in these latter days.

DELILAH. Marcus Goodrich. Farrar. $2.75. A destroyer is the hero of this successful modern tale.

ALL THAT GLITTERS. Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. $2.75. An engaging, at times inspiring novel of marriage with Washington, Paris, Mexico City and the international scene of the 1930's as a background.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE. John Marquand. Little. $2.50. Mr. Marquand again neatly dissects the life of a Bostonian of means and produces another successful satire on the decline of modern New England.

ABOVE SUSPICION. Helen MacInnis. Little. $2.50. An exciting, ingenious spy story about an English couple bent on a dangerous mission in the heart of an enemy Germany.

THE EMPTY ROOM. Charles Morgan. Macmillan. $2.00. A story of regeneration from evil influence in England during the first year of the war embodying the author's hope of a better future for the nations.

THE LAND OF SPICES. Kate O'Brien. Doubleday. $2.50. This sensitive and objective convent novel by a distinguished Irish writer is one of the best of the year.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS. Vincent Sheean. Random. $2.50. Remarkably genuine evocation of the anguish of first meeting life's problems. The young man has all the cards stacked against him.

BETWEEN THE ACTS. Virginia Woolf. Harcourt. $2.50. The last novel of the talented, hypersensitive experimental novelist.

Historical:

KING'S HIGHWAY. Lucille Papin Borden. Macmillan. $2.50. The latest on Starforth family. For Borden fans.

SARATOGA TRUNK. Edna Ferber. Doubleday. $2.50. An adventuress from New Orleans comes to Saratoga at the height of the season in the gay 90's.

JACOB. Irving Fineman. Random. $2.50. A successful study of the Old Testament character not without its bearing on modern times.

P.S. Very adult readers interested in Marcel Proust will be glad to hear that Random House have published a new edition in two volumes of "Remembrance of Things Past" at $5.00.

Poetry. The last few months have contributed the usual spate of poetry books, some splendid, many indifferent, even more quite wretched. The experimentalists have not yet given up their little ghosts, but it does seem to us that their twitterings grow somewhat fainter. Great poetry still is great poetry, and still as rare as might be expected.

There is one book on our pile which without cavil contains at least some poems to be numbered among the major productions of our language, or any language. If the "Collected Sonnets" of Edna St. Vincent Millay emphasize the crowing disillusionment and savage animalism for which, as a poet, she may justly be rebuked, it is equally true that in her moments of finer inspiration she has rounded off sculpturally modeled creations of tremendous ecstasy. Clear, as all great poems are clear, having a large originality and a rotund imagery equal to the richest outpourings of Marlowe or Petrarch, many of these sonnets will memorialize our age—more rapturously, perhaps, than it deserves. All but three of these sonnets have been published in earlier volumes. Harper has issued the sonnets here in an extremely attractive cloth edition at $3.00 and also in a leather edition at $5.00.

At its very best, the light versification that wells so readily from the heart of Hilaire Belloc finds few peers the world around. In this sumptuously gotten up edition of his "Cautionary Verses" (Knopf. $3.00), satire jostles nonsensicality, and whimsy strikes off sparks in all direc-

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tions. Presumably this volume, like A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young," is published for youngsters; but hard-bitten indeed is the adult who won't enjoy these miscellaneous jibes and taunts and airy nothingnesses.

A. M. Sullivan has recaptured in "A Day in Manhattan" (Dutton. $2.00) the powerful and exhilarating lines which radio audiences not long ago heard spoken contrapuntally over the air waves. Particularly effective when recited by group speakers, these splendidly conceived and richly variegated poems, so close to our civilization and to any civilization, lose not one whit of their value when read silently in one's armchair. Mr. Sullivan knows the need for poetic discipline, knows that it lends a sharp edge to creativity. He is too basic, too witty, too human, ever to be tiresome. Skyscrapers, wheatfields, dust storms, religion, birth and death are pictorially and rationally brought before our eyes by a poet whose respect for classic form never elbows out his readiness to plunder the fruits of valid innovation. All 1,941 copies of this limited edition are autographed.

There is a powerful strain of religious fervor in Theodore Maynard's newest volume, "Not Even Death" (St. Anthony Guild Press. $1.25). There is no question but that these poignant verses equal if they do not surpass any collection that Mr. Maynard has yet produced, and they are recommended as a more than adequate gift, especially to those who are affected by the sincerely pious in poetry.

For the first time in sixteen years a gathering of Alfred Noyes's poems has been issued. "Shadows on the Down" (Stokes. $2.50) is not consistently excellent. A bit too much of the occasional verse, together with other lyrics that smack too strongly of the facility of experience, supply the valleys in these 110 pages of variegated prosody which, indeed, do have their peaks of joyous conception. There is an unusually wide range here, embracing some lyrics that have very great vigor and freshness. An admirable gift book, owing to its surprising variety of material.

The serious devotee of poetry who relishes perfection of technique, the lover of nature lyrics and any poet who is studying to master his medium will rejoice to find under the Christmas tree John Robert Quinn's "Beyond This Wall" (The Kaleidograph Press. $1.50). In some cases there is meagerness of content, in others a too studied striving at originality; but there is a handful or two of extremely fine pieces. A poet's poet, Quinn has also something to offer the casual lover of poetry.

Tenuousness combined with sensitive rhythm and easy narrative powers will seduce some readers of "Poems" by Ridgely Torrence (Macmillan. $1.75). These poems are not to be classified as robust, nor do they always succeed in communicating a message. They do have, however, lucidity and a fluid movement that will haunt the more sensitive reader.

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY. Richard Aldington. Viking. $3.50. A refreshingly new anthology of the poetry of England and America.

DAWN IN SNOW. Louise Townsend Nicholl. Dutton. $1.50. Spiritual sharpness and lucidly conceived imagery offset the tendency towards tenuousness in these 25 lyrics. All copies of this limited edition are autographed.

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Lives of Great Men. We naturally like to read about our fellow human beings, and there is a certain fascination in truth, which explains in part the perennial popularity of biography—not that all biography is truthful, but at least it has truth in the very literal sense for a motive. Looking back over the centuries are three volumes, each of its own peculiar excellence. Aldous Huxley's investigation of seventeenth century French mysticism ("Grey Eminence." Harper. $3.50) is fascinating both as a study of an almost unique mystic and as a sign of our own times. Its theology may not be altogether orthodox, yet it remains one of the most extraordinary books of the year. Garrett Mattingly's "Catherine of Aragon" (Little. $3.50) is a solid yet readable portrait of Bluebeard's first wife. And finally, Longmans has done us all a service by bringing out "The Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine (2 Vols. $5.00) in what is reported to be a readable yet charming translation.

Some more recently dead also contribute to our amusement and edification. Jean Burton deals with herself in "Sir Richard Burton's Wife" (Knopf. $3.00) but also tells us a great deal about the terrific translator of The Arabian Nights. Doran Whalen has written a somewhat lopsided biography of Orestes Brownson, in which she hotly argues her hero's case ("Granite for God's House." Sheed and Ward. $3.00), and Blanche Colton Williams has dished up for us the varied and useful life of that Civil War character, Clara Barton, who founded the American Red Cross (Lippincott. $3.50).

But it is natural that in such troubled times the primary interest should rest with people of our own day. The result is a considerable crop of biographies of our contemporaries and an over-large crop of autobiographies. A little book which combines anonymity with deep religious spirit is "The Man Who Got Even with God," by a Trappist monk (Bruce. $2.00). Bellamy Partridge has done another easy-reading job in "Big Family" (Whittlesey. $2.75). Perhaps one of the best biographies of the year is the Flexners' life of Dr. William Henry Welch (Viking. $3.75), one of the greatest of American medical pioneers. Bishop James Anthony Walsh was one of the outstanding figures in recent American Catholic life; Daniel Sargent with brevity and understanding distils the essence of his life in "All the Day Long" (Longmans. $2.50). And for your lawyer friends, the Holmes-Pollock Letters (Harvard. $7.50) would be a magnificent gift—but first be sure he hasn't got it already.

Here are a handful of recent autobiographies:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERIC GILL. Devin. $3.50. Certainly one of the most provocative books of recent months, and one which should have a very wide audience.

THE ROAD OF A NATURALIST. Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton. $3.00. A popular young nature describer describes his own.

THAT MEN MAY UNDERSTAND. Harold Ordway Rugg. Doubleday. $2.50. A book most school teachers would feel they have to read.

NEWSPAPER DAYS. H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.00. More reminiscence about as smoothly told as it could be.

TOWARD FREEDOM. The autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. Day. $4.00. For those who would like to know more about Indian nationalism.

IN THE MILL. John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.00. A carpet factory in Yonkers.

DIPLOMAT BETWEEN WARS. Hugh R. Wilson. Longmans. $3.00. As important as any of the recent diplomatic self-revelations.

LANTERNS ON THE LEVEE. William Alexander Percy. Knopf. $3.00. A trifle naive, but people like it and it does see some of the problems of the South.

SOCIAL DOCTRINE IN ACTION. John A. Ryan. Harper. $3.00. Monsignor Ryan speaks of himself.

FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE. Osa Johnson. Lippincott. $3.50. More Africa, lions, and elephants.

COME WHAT MAY. Arnold Lunn. Little. $3.00. Mr. Lunn on a usual topic—himself.

Travel. Reference to "The Middle East" by H. V. Morton (Dodd. $3.00) can be found in our COMMONWEAL institutional advertisements for Christmas subscriptions with prize. The book is, in short, about the "surest" travel book of the season, written with understanding, style, deep knowledge. Rather gruesomely, we counted on the war to break out actively in the north African desert when we made the selection—as it has in Libya. Mr. Morton covers the whole theater of the eastern Mediterranean, from Greece around about to the sand deserts and oases where the troops are now fighting. A splendid job, with excellent sepia photographs. Next, going occidentally, is "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon" by Rebecca West (Viking. 2 Vols. $7.50): about Jugoslavia, or Serbia. A Serbian has told us that Miss West's book is more about Miss West than about his native country, but most readers and reviewers agree it is high reading, and everyone agrees that the publishers have done a handsome job.

Before turning to 1941's pay dirt in Latin America, "Mongol Journeys" by Owen Lattimore (Doubleday. $4.00) must be recognized as an excellent work about particularly far places. Farther still from normal is "Kabloona" by Gontran de Poncins (Reynal. $3.00), the cultured Frenchman who sought out the uncultivated Esquimaux of the Arctic for all those mixtures of motives the intelligent reader would suppose. Those who consider New York City foreign soil will find confirmation in "Shake Hands with the Dragon" by Carl Glick (Whittlesey. $2.75). The author takes us with great interest and sympathy into the Chinese community of this town. Further west in the United States (go by way of the new American Guide Series state books and the excellent maps of oil and other companies like Rand, McNally) is "Piñon Country" by Haniel Long (Duell. $2.50). The region of northern New Mexico and Arizona is presented so well therein that the result is likely to be a kind of small classic.

Publishers and authors have headed principally south during this so good neighborly year. There are more Latin American books than one could mention, and we have only tried to pick out a few that are slightly unusual and are not completely proclaimed by the pictures and contents you can see in any bookstore. "The Aztecs of Mexico" by George C. Vaillant (Doubleday. $3.75) covers the fascinating archeology of the first country south of the Rio Grande: better as guide to monuments than as

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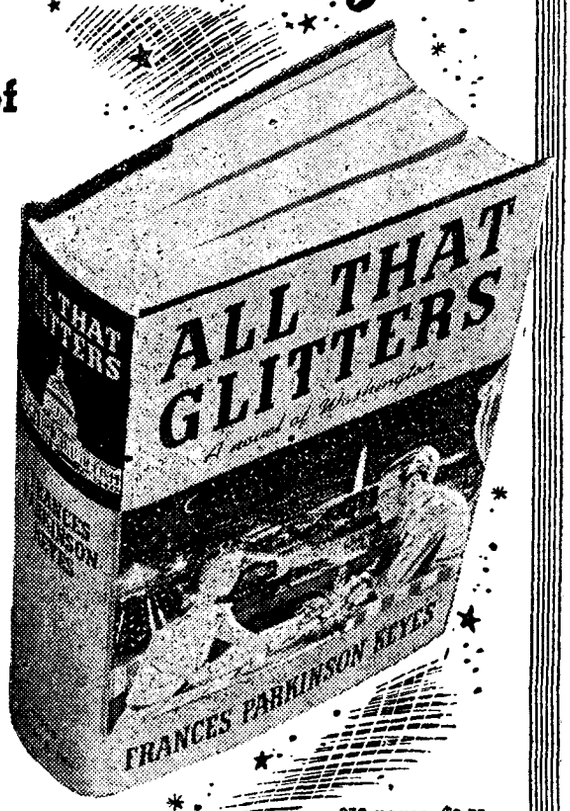

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history. Charles Morrow Wilson's "Central America: Challenge and Opportunity" (Holt. $3.00) is an excellent coverage of the region stated, dwelling particularly on its agriculture—which is the main thing. Moving southward, on a specialized track is "Living Treasures" by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking. $3.50), wherein the naturalist author describes small animals of the Caribbean region with the attractiveness he has demonstrated before. A bigger book is "Plant Hunter in the Andes" by T. Harper Goodspeed (Farrar. $5.00). Travel books by people who have gone there for a definite purpose, particularly when the author is an expert in his line, as is Dr. Goodspeed, frequently make the most rewarding reading. A history book, more useful as travel background is Anne Merriman Peck's "Pageant of South American History" (Longmans. $3.00). "The Donkey Inside" by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking. $3.00), although published early in the year, is still indisputably the most unusual travel into South America. The same publisher brought out (for $3.00) Stefan Zwieg's good small essay on "Brazil, Land of the Future."

War and Other Problems. The tide of war books reached a new high during the current year. None of them had the sales success of William L. Shirer's terse yet personal review of the past five years, "Berlin Diary" (Knopf. $3.00). In some ways two other volumes on the general subject are more satisfactory. "Pattern of Conquest" by Joseph C. Harsch (Doubleday. $2.50), is a more ordered and objective attempt to understand present-day nazi Germany and place it in its modern historical setting. "The Armies March" by John Cudahy (Scribners. $2.75), which so far most reviewers and periodicals have chosen to ignore rather than refute, feelingly takes up what to do about Hitler, the effectiveness of the blockade and plumps for peace without victory. "Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich" (Longmans. $3.00) is a documentary study that should leave no doubt in readers' minds.

Of the many books on France undoubtedly the best, and the one most likely to stand the test of time, is "France My Country" by Jacques Maritain (Longmans. $1.00). It is the one volume upon which all Frenchmen agree—Vichyites and DeGaullists alike, for it analyzes the collapse of France from a long-range but deep-feeling view. Thomas Kernan's "France on Berlin Time" (Lippincott. $2.75) has one very good contribution to make in showing at first hand how the Germans are completely taking over French enterprise, if possible for keeps. "A Thousand Shall Fall" by Hans Habe (Harcourt. $3.00) is the personal narrative of a young Austrian exile in France, his part in the losing battle, his escape from a German prison camp. He reports the French collapse without bitterness, giving isolated instances of heroism and good work. "Scum of the Earth" by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan. $2.50) deals with refugees there more emotionally.

There are a few good books on England, Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs" (Coward. $1.00), a narrative poem of the two wars, proving to be a year-round best-seller. "Bevin and Co." (Patricia Strauss. Putnam.

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$2.50) is the best of the journalistic accounts of the British war leaders. "Volcanic Isle" by Wilfrid Fleisher (Doubleday. $3.00) mysteriously inducts the reader into the mysterious paradoxes of 1941 Japan. "Darkness at Noon," Arthur Koestler's psychological adumbrations on the Moscow Trials, is held by many to be one of the most remarkable books of the year (Macmillan. $2.50).

Among the more optimistic prophets of the day is P. A. Sorokin, whose "Crisis of Our Age" (Dutton. $3.50) seeks to show that Spengler had the cycles of civilization figured wrong. According to this noted Harvard professor we are headed from a bourgeois sensate stage of undevelopment into either an idealistic or ideational status. He seems to think, however, that even Christianity can have had its day. As James Burnham sees things in "The Managerial Revolution" (Day. $2.75), the society of tomorrow will be run by a new class of expert managers rather than according to any socialist or communist pattern. For his part Hermann Rauschning "The Redemption of Democracy" (Alliance. $3.00) and "The Conservative Revolution" (Putnam. $2.75) holds that the classes which have some continuity with the European past embody the hopes of the future. He has been reading Edmund Burke. Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret in "The Heart of Europe" (Duell. $2.50) vividly describe Switzerland and present it as a model for a new European federation. "Political Liberty" (A. J. Carlyle. Oxford. $3.25) is devoted to the thesis that the history of the West has been a history of the rise and fall of a specific conception of liberty well-formulated even in the middle ages. The book is short and readable.

Three of the volumes on Co-ops are worthy of note. "Cooperation," Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B. (Catholic Literary Guild. $1.50), is a good introduction starting from the experiences of a small credit union. "Introduction to the Cooperative Movement" (Edited by Andrew J. Kress. Harper. $3.00) is an anthology which makes a good second reader. "Consumers' Cooperation in the North Central States" (Kercher, Kelker and Leland. Minnesota. $3.50) is a competent analysis of the effect of a generation of cooperating on a number of midwest communities.

Although it is of Stalinist inspiration, "Twelve Million Black Voices" (Richard Wright. Viking. $3.00) is a compelling reminder of one of the chief unsolved American responsibilities right at home.

History. In retrospect, the year for history books appears remarkably dualistic. There are the dozens of books in contemporary history, about the war etc., treated elsewhere, and then there are a good lot of very standard works which any friend or relation who likes history would receive with a safe quantity of gratitude. The most remarkable production is the popular edition of the "Cambridge Modern History" (Macmillan. $19.50). This astounding bargain is a good looking reprint of the text and index of each of the twelve volumes together with a volume containing the tables and a general index—all but the bibliographies of the famous work. There are a number of other "Cambridge" items: "Cambridge History

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of the British Empire" (Vol. 2. Macmillan. $10.00); "Cambridge History of Poland" (Vol. 1. Macmillan. $7.50); "Cambridge Economic History of Europe" by Clapham and Power (Vol. 1. Macmillan. $7.50)—all good if you are giving expensive presents to someone who definitely likes history. "The Legacy of Egypt" (Oxford. $3.50) adds another volume to the excellent and not difficult "Legacy" series. Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes's new work, "A Generation of Materialism" (Harper. $3.75) will make a fine gift to the greater number who are most interested in the period which built up, or broke down, to the present. Perhaps most de luxe of all is M. Rostovtzeff's "The Social and Economic History of the Hellenistic World," put out plushly in three volumes (Oxford. $30.00).

There are several productions of more specific interest to the Catholic reader or student of history. One idea, to begin with, is "Historical Records and Studies," the yearly production of the US Catholic Historical Society, which can be obtained by mail from the Society. This would be a particularly fine present to receive on an annual basis (and hence, a particularly easy way of solving problems). This year's special emphasis is placed on American Catholics in some of our past wars. Theodore Maynard's "Story of American Catholicism" is a thoroughly mature and thoughtful work on our Church and churchmen in this country. Of great American Catholic interest is "The Franciscan Missions of California," by John A. Berger (Putnam. $3.50). Bigger work in ecumenical interest is "The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent" by H. J. Schroeder, O.P. (Herder. $6.00). This is the first thorough English text, published together with the Latin, and is a companion to the American author's earlier "Disciplinary Decrees." Father James Brodrick's "The Origin of the Jesuits" is a brilliant work by the man best qualified to do it.

For primarily native consumption are these: "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt" (4 Vols. Second term. Macmillan. $30.00). For a friend in the government or anyone who wants to keep the documents of this period, this is obviously primary. There is a new edition, coming right up to date of "Political and Social Growth of the American People" by Hockett and Schlesinger (Macmillan. $7.50), a fairly standard and gifty work. Carl Van Doren's "The Secret History of the American Revolution" is a well written book bringing forward material that has to be a part of our early national history. Margaret Leech's "Reveille in Washington" (Harper. $3.50) had a big, quick sale as a picture of the capital during the Civil War, and it deserves consideration also at this season.

There are many more detailed studies of American history, and a few of them better than most are these: "The Ground We Stand On" by John Dos Passos (Harcourt. $3.50) is principally a study of the Protestant aspect of the divorce between Church and State, with sidelights both on strong aspects of the American constitutional system and also on modern libertarian tendencies. "The Red Decade" by Eugene Lyons (Bobbs. $3.00) calls the turn on the past decade of fellow-travel-

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ing. "The War: Second Year" by Edgar McInnis (Oxford. $2.00) is brand new and comes down through September, in worthily objective memory-straightening manner. Localized is "The Reluctant Republic" by Frederic F. Van De Water (Day. $3.00), a good book about the perhaps partial growth of Vermont into the Republic. "Master of the Mississippi" by Florence Dorsey (Houghton. $3.75), tells well of steamboat travel and transport on the Ohio and Mississippi and especially about Henry Shreve; in general about the Middle West from 1815 to the Civil War. Not so localized, but specialized, is "The Shaker Adventure," by Marguerite F. Melcher (Princeton. $3.00), which gives the data on the Shakers all around the country who made that furniture and lived their own particular lives.

Criticism. The dispute about criticism is endless and will never be solved. Is the critic to describe, to explain or to judge—and if he judges, by what standards? Those inherent in the form, the matter and the author's purpose? Or absolute standards existing outside the author and to which he must submit? Is the main interest to be a scientific one which traces the origins of a work or a moral one which judges the probable influence of the work on men's thinking? Three well known critics, Wilson, Foerster and Ransom—with an intellectual poet who is also a critic, W. H. Auden—discuss the subject in "The Intent of the Critic" (Princeton. $2.50). One of the conditions preliminary to criticism, though often absent in current criticism, is discussed in "Literary Scholarship" (Norman Foerster and Others. North Carolina. $3.00). The season seems to favor collaboration. Thirty-nine writers have joined in tribute to a great American critic who knew what he wanted and who spent his life in rigorous and brilliant denunciation of all the forces in literature which he judged destructive of the humanism he taught: "Irving Babbitt; Man and Teacher." (Putnam. $3.00.) Professor Babbitt would have enjoyed "Milton and his Modern Critics" (Logan Pearsall Smith. Little, Brown. $1.50) in which the lucid American essayist, the expert in careful writing, entertainingly defends Milton against T. S. Eliot and Ezra (not quite full measure) Pound. In the "Wound and the Bow" (Edmund Wilson. Houghton $3.00) one of our best American critics deals mainly with the conflict between genius and maladjustment. His essay on Dickens would suffice to justify the book. It is time for a general admission that Dickens was a serious and indeed a tragic writer; vulgarization of his humor and occasional sentimentality have altered his true visage. There is a brilliant, highly personal treatment of literature by George Sampson in which many great writers momentarily out of fashion are firmly reestablished in their enduring rights: "Concise Cambridge History of English Literature" (George Sampson. Macmillan. $4.50). In American literary history there were five most remarkable consecutive years. Between 1850 to 1855 Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman all produced major works. Asking endless questions and answering them with accurate and enlightening informa-

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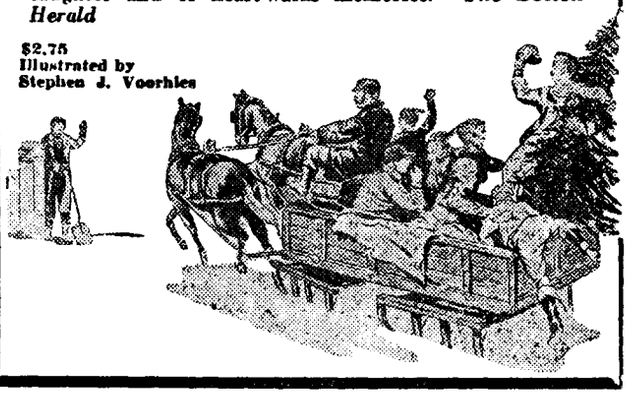

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tion, "The Great Age of American Literature" (F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford. $5.00) is a fine study of this moment of real American literary power. And while we are speaking of American achievement there is an essay on the cultural and philosophical implications of Southern architecture—particularly that of Richardson—which shows, more clearly than when the subject matter is literary, how a critic weighs the work he inspects and judges its influence on society. "The South in Architecture" (Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace). Like Mumford, permanently preoccupied by intellectual and spiritual values, is Van Wyck Brooks. His speech at the inauguration of George Shuster as President of Hunter College, "On Literature Today" (Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $1.00) is a reaction to the fatalism prevalent in much current writing, and associates the regeneration of our country with the future of American literature. The same author has written a detached and impersonal survey of his life—a remarkable work of analysis which makes excellent and useful reading—"The Opinions of Oliver Allston." (Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.00). Finally here are two books which anyone who has to work with books or who desires a specialized basis of fact as a framework for his general reading, will be more than delighted to possess. The second book may seem expensive; it is extraordinary that it could be produced at so reasonable a price. "Oxford Companion to American Literature" (James D. Hart. Oxford. $5.00). "The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature" (Macmillan. $32.50).

Deeper Thoughts. Religion and philosophy, as applying poetry to man's deepest problems, can produce great literature—but in our day rarely do so. It is of course always safe to turn to the ancients. That is what Jacques Maritain has done in his brief yet inordinately useful little volume—"The Living Thoughts of Saint Paul" (Longmans. $1.25), recommended for Christians of every variety. Father Farrell has been doing something of the same sort in his "A Companion to the Summa" (Sheed and Ward. $3.50), the first volume of which now appears. Richard McKeon has produced a useful collection of the same sort in "The Basic Works of Aristotle" (Random. $4.00) and Mason Wade has done a similar job for an infinitely less important philosopher—Margaret Fuller (Viking. $5.00). Finally, the new edition of the Whitford translation of the "Imitation of Christ" will delight all lovers of that devotional classic (Harper. $3.00).

The specific problems of our day as usual have their impact on philosophers and theologians. In a time when people tend to pull apart rather than hold together, the "Religions of Democracy" is a particularly helpful corrective; it supplies brief accounts of the three major religious faiths of the West (Finkelstein, Ross, Brown. Devin. $2.00). John C. Bennett is a Protestant theologian who tells how the times have changed his views in "Christian Realism" (Scribners. $2.00). Father Charles P. Bruehl tries a difficult task—to make Christian morals readily understandable (This Way Happiness. Bruce. $2.50). A specific moral problem of our day is ably dealt

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with in "Marriage and the Family" (Jacques Leclerq. Pustet. $4.50). William M. Agar throws the burden of proof onto the scientists in "The Dilemma of Science" (Sheed and Ward. $2.00).

"Legion of Mary" (Cecily Hallack. Longmans. $2.00) tells the story of the establishment of a lay apostolate—a beautiful chapter in religious history. Kenneth Scott Latourette adds another volume to his scholarly and detailed history of missions—written by a Protestant, but carefully and accurately done—in "The Great Century" (Harper. $3.50). Sheed and Ward announces a new publishing scheme—its Dollar Masterpieces of the Month. The first in the series is J. P. Arendzen's "Whom Do You Say." And finally Macmillan has announced a real bargain in a popular edition of Donald Attwater's "A Catholic Dictionary," selling for $1.98.

Miscellaneous, or a Day in the Home. After all you cannot read books until you, or someone as devoted to the tradition of Martha as to yourself, prepares and maintains a home in which you may follow the higher things. In case this service cannot be wholly purchased and delegated "America's Housekeeping Book" (Scribner's, $2.50) may be of assistance: it contains a great deal of information, advice and pictures and, if followed diligently, will make life in the home as complicated and as full as anyone could desire. Allowing the radio singers to tell their love troubles to the patient and enduring skies, unlistened to by man, you spell out on your piano the songs with real content and true and varied American regional feeling which you will find intelligently and pleasingly presented in "Our Singing Country" (John A. and Allan Lomax. Macmillan, $5.00). This will get you in the mood to appreciate the truly lovely Xmas present which that widely read author J. K. Lasser has devised as a guide to the approaching season: "Your 1942 Income Tax" and "Your 1942 Corporation Tax" (Simon & Schuster. $1.00 each). Appropriate, varied, figurative and devastating phrases to express your emotions on your taxes or on anything else aptly are furnished in "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" (Oxford. $5.00). If still and nevertheless speechless, you can go out into the garden Maud and plan for the faithful spring assisted by "The Gardener's Handbook" (L. H. Bailey. Macmillan. $1.49). We don't know how it works considering the difference in climates but it would be charming, perhaps, to attempt the collection proposed in "Bible Plants for American Gardens" (Eleanor A. King. Macmillan. $2.00). One can only hope that birds will frequent your garden and there are ways of preparing a welcome for them, but in case they do not, all the birds of America—even those systematically destroyed by Americans—are available in all their brilliant coloring, in all their varied grace, collected many years ago by the greatest bird artist in our history and presented now at a very reasonable price: "Birds of America" (John J. Audubon. Macmillan. $4.95). What happens to birds, foxes, various inflated and solid balls, horses and to the mentality of men engaged in outdoor pleasure is related agreeably and illustrated in "The American Sporting Scene" (Kieran and

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Golinkin. Macmillan. $5.00). This charming and miscellaneous activity for your day supposes either that you have no children or that they are collaborating with you in your interests. Obviously there can be no reading, singing, gardening nor interest in birds in a family where the child is a sullen stranger or a pampered despot. Therefore we insert here a serious and tender study of the nature of authority and parental leadership. It is no drill sergeant's manual: it is a study in the order which is happiness. "The Child and You" (F. J. Kieffer, S.M. Bruce. $2.00). And now with quiet established, there is art and travel—in your arm chair. Opinionated but stimulating is "The Story of Modern Art" (Sheldon Cheney. Viking. $5.00). Magnificent, photographically, are the Phaidon series (Oxford. $3.50 each): "The Sculptures of Donatello," "Etruscan Sculpture," "Jan Vermeer," "Vincent Van Gogh." That child we were talking about should be shown selected pages from these books before it becomes irrevocably convinced that beauty is best found on magazine covers. An imposing volume perpetuates the year's good photographs, dated for some reason a year ahead: "U. S. Camera: 1942" (Duell, Sloane & Pearce $3.85). The best of these are landscapes, locomotives, street scenes: the most imbecile is one of a healthy grinning moron coming out of a bath—"Boy, Was That Refreshing"—to advertise beer; the most unnecessary are certain nudes in the convention of unconventionality. The "American Guide Series" has now completed guides for 47 states. Many are published by Oxford at $2.75 but the series has had such a deserved success that other publishers in various parts of the country have issued the local volume—ask your bookseller. Illustrated, historical, practical for actual touring, these books taken all together make up the first complete description we have of America as it is today. We would like to own them all, but as a minimum everyone should have his own state and the states adjoining.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN COMMENTING with favor and appreciation on the story of James Anthony Walsh as sketched by Daniel Sargent (All the Day Long; Daniel Sargent; Longmans; $2.50), Father John S. Kennedy remarks, in his column in the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Connecticut, that while the work is carefully done and eminently readable, "it can by no means qualify as a definitive study of either Bishop Walsh or Maryknoll." As Father Kennedy also says, the narrative sketched by Mr. Sargent, the life of the co-founder of Maryknoll, titular Bishop of Siene, "is one of the great chapters of American Church history. Its importance was recognized while Bishop Walsh was yet alive. Since his death in 1936 the appreciation of its importance has grown. And as the years and the decades go on, as future generations look back on our time, which by then will have been well sifted, its importance will be judged greater still."

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As one of the most authoritative sources both for knowledge of Maryknoll's great founder and for Church history in the United States is Monsignor Duggan, editor of the *Catholic Transcript,* who was a fellow student of the late Bishop Walsh in the Brighton Seminary, it may be taken for granted that Father Kennedy's judgment is based upon wider grounds than his own excellent equipment, and that it is essentially a sound one. And in his review he does justice to the many merits of Mr. Sargent's preliminary study for the complete biography which no doubt will in due time come upon the scene.

The present commentator agrees with Father Kennedy, and at the same time must hasten to add what to him is more important, namely, the fact that Daniel Sargent's book as it stands will not be superseded even by the most complete, detailed, definitive biography of Maryknoll's founder which is likely to appear, because in itself it seems to him to be one of the most successful biographies ever to have come his way. Dealing with a subject that essentially is one of the most difficult for a writer to handle, which subject is the subtle workings of supernatural motives and purposes through the agency of natural, human things and persons, Daniel Sargent proves once more as in former books that he possesses the exceedingly rare gift that enables him to succeed in a field littered with failures. I know of no page of American Catholic history which so strikingly illustrates and perpetuates the power of Catholicism to be ever new and creative, ever new in development while never-changing in substance, than the story of Maryknoll as it is sketched in Mr. Sargent's fluid and tender yet essentially strong delineation of its chief founder, James Anthony Walsh. And in accomplishing this wonderful result, he has more truly portrayed Bishop Walsh as he was and as he truly desired to be than could have been possible in any other way.

Mr. Sargent deeply realized, and very happily has been able to communicate his perception, that James Anthony Walsh while most evidently a person possessed of many strong and even striking natural gifts and acquired powers, was first and foremost in his whole life an example of the reality of the great Catholic doctrine of the Body of Christ. He illustrated vividly how faithful Christians are not only individuals and unique persons, but also are cells—if we may use biological language to deal with what otherwise is almost inexpressible—cells in the corporate body of the Church of Christ. And that life became through his life the corporate life-consciousness of Maryknoll, and perhaps it is Maryknoll's special vocation as an organization of the universal Church to awaken and nourish and strengthen and develop and carry on the expression of that unique consciousness in the whole body of Catholicism in the United States.

In the passage describing the baptism of the future priest and bishop and founder of a missionary society, in the beginning of his story, and in the passage describing the consecration of Bishop Walsh, Daniel Sargent's exquisite understanding of the innermost source of James Anthony Walsh's great career becomes explicit, but it is expressed in a dramatic and not a sermonizing style, and the same perception bathes all the pages in between with

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Communications

LITURGICAL WEEK

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As I believe I was the only person somewhat identified with THE COMMONWEAL to attend the Liturgical Week in St. Paul, I want to call particular attention to it. My enthusiasm for these conferences I attended cannot be too emphatically stated, and I want to urge everyone who has a love for the Liturgy and who realizes its spiritual value to try to attend the Week of next year. The creative quality of the papers that were read was in itself sufficient reward for the effort and travel, while the interest and enthusiasm of the large audiences brought to me a renewed sense of spiritual fellowship and Catholic solidarity.

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STAGE AND SCREEN NUMBER

NEXT WEEK, in the issue of December 12, THE COMMONWEAL will present a constructive survey of the current Theatre and Cinema. A leading theatrical producer, a leader of the Catholic theatre movement and THE COMMONWEAL'S critics, Grenville Vernon and Philip Hartung, will contribute this timely and highly readable material.

LEPERS

TO the Editors: Despite the number and urgency of "refugee" appeals from every source and nation, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith feels impelled once more to plead, during this blessed season, the cause of Christ's own refugees—the lepers. Today the Divine Heart of the Saviour yearns over the millions of these forgotten, unwanted and oftentimes hated men, women and children just as It did when He laid His Hands upon them and "they were made clean."

His charity has fired the hearts of our Catholic missionaries to continue Christ's loving care of these outcasts of humanity and within the comforting sanctuary of the leper hospitals they find the burden of their pain, loneliness and despair made bearable.

Therefore, in the name of the Redeemer Himself, we present the cause of His "refugees" to the prayerful and practical concern of the readers of THE COMMONWEAL. Offerings to the Lepers' Christmas Fund may be sent to the Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith in youpr diocese or to

Right Reverend Monsignor THOMAS MCDONNELL, *National Director, 109 East 38th Street, New York, N. Y.*

The Stage & Screen

Junior Miss

YOU CAN chalk this up as another to the credit of *The New Yorker*. The original sketches of Sally Benson from which "Junior Miss" was made into a play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields appeared in that magazine. So "Junior Miss" takes its place with "Life With Father," "Having a Wonderful Time," "Mr. and Mrs. North" and "My Sister Eileen" as a theatrical success fathered by *The New Yorker*. "Junior Miss" is not a great play, indeed the plot is feeble and the adult characterization nil, but the children are a delight. When they are on the stage, both because of their innate quality and because of the young people who act them, we are transported into an hilarious Never-Never Land. Especially delightful are Patricia Peardon as the imaginative fourteen year old whose sense of drama gets her parents into trouble, and Lenore Lonergan as her sympathetic friend with a voice which she just can't control. These two youngsters act like veterans and yet are always youngsters. Hollywood will, alas, certainly bid for them. But the boys are all good too, with special nods to Peter Scott and Billy Redfield, while Philip Ober and Barbara Robbins do all they can with the father and mother. There are exaggerations both of characterizations and of direction, but as a whole "Junior Miss" is one of the most amusing offerings of the season. *(At the Lyceum Theater.)*

The Seventh Trumpet

I WISH I could show enthusiasm regarding Charles Rann Kennedy's play, for it is admirable in intention, high-minded, and possesses a theme which has magnificent

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possibilities. The coming to England during the air-raids of a Greek Orthodox monk in search of the Holy Grail which legend has it is buried in Glastonbury might well stir the imagination of a poet. But Mr. Kennedy, though he writes moving passages at times, is not a poet and his speeches are too long, while in his desire to get his message over he often neglects the basic law of the theater. Between the covers of a book I am sure that "The Seventh Trumpet" will prove interesting, even stimulating; but the unreality of the characterization, the redundancy of the expression, and its ignoring of the fact that it is to be presented in theatrical form weakens the effect before an audience. And yet to it Mr. Kennedy brings what is so lacking in modern plays—reverence, true religious feeling, the sense that there are things finer and higher than those dealt with in the realistic drama. If only Mr. Kennedy would obtain the services of a man versed in dramatic technique, who knows how to use the blue pencil, to concentrate and eliminate, a play out of the ordinary might result. "The Seventh Trumpet" is acted with reverence and skill. A special word of praise should go to A.G. Andrews, who makes its one real human being poignant and believable. *(At the Mansfield Theater.)*

Ring Around Elizabeth

I SHOULDN'T be a bit surprised if Miss Jane Cowl chose this play herself, for it gives the star actress an opportunity to be put upon by her family, and to accept it with all Christian meekness. Then it shows her rising in housewifely majesty to put her tormentors in their places. It is the sort of part which stars dream about. Unfortunately the author, Charl Armstrong, neglected to write an interesting play. So though Miss Cowl does her best, and is well seconded by McKay Morris and Barry Sullivan, nothing very much comes out of it. If Miss Cowl did choose this play let us hope that next time she allows someone else to choose one for her. *(At the Playhouse.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Strange Heroes

"SUSPICION" is as strangely different a film as has ever been made in this country. There have been movies before in which the leads attracted and repulsed at the same time. But in this case we have an irresponsible, sweet, almost childlike male whose personality people cannot resist, although they know he practically never tells the truth and that he is cracked on the subject of money. Our heroine is a peculiar, ripe-for-love, spinsterish figure of a woman, who, after a most unusual courtship, marries and continues to love this strange man. Handsome Cary Grant, bursting with charm, plays Johnnie, the husband, with bluff frankness and a gleam in his eye. With playful innocence he calmly says, "Of course we can live on your father's money." Lovely Joan Fontaine, as the shocked bride, becomes more and more neurasthenic as she stumbles on new facts about her coldly calculating husband. But when their beloved friend, Nigel Bruce, is murdered in Paris, she realizes the worst. As suspicion piles suspicion upon dreaded fear, she shrinks from the danger to her own life. For no

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one can deny Johnnie anything—not even the name of the secret poison that leaves no trace. Crowding in little details of horror to tease you and omitting explanations to annoy you still more, Alfred Hitchcock directed "Suspicion" with his usual tight suspense alternating with nervous understatement. Kept guessing because you never know for sure, you get as jittery as the wife who becomes hysterical with anxiety and fear. Mr. Hitchock's cast is excellent and the photography is unusually beautiful. But unfortunately the scriptwriters who based their screenplay on Francis Iles's "Before the Fact," and even our master director couldn't find a solution to their problem after it was so well stated. The ending is a most unsatisfactory let-down. However up to the finale you are guaranteed to exercise a new set of fascinated goose pimples.

It is difficult to tell just what *"They Died With Their Boots On"* aims to do. History is distorted to suit the fancy of scriptwriters and still the result is not first class, swashbuckling cinema. This is no minor B production, but a pretentious, expensive, two-hour-and-twenty-minute film with costly stars, good photography of whole armies charging on horseback, interesting sound effects and music. And if ever a hero was a fit subject for a dashing, spirited adventure movie, it is George Armstrong Custer. But from the beginning, when Custer enters West Point in 1857, the horseplay and theatrically fictional romance are on. Graduated at the start of the Civil War with the lowest marks and most demerits in the Academy's history, Custer becomes an officer of great bravado and foolhardy daring, and an outstanding national hero when he wins battle after battle. After the war he marries Elizabeth Bacon and settles down to drinking and recounting his glories until he is restored to active duty at Fort Lincoln in the Dakotas. There his Seventh Regiment becomes famous for its victories against the Indians. But when the chicanery of money-mad villains violates the sanctuary of the redskins in the Black Hills, our hero leads his troops to the defense of two infantry regiments and to their death at the Massacre of the Little Big Horn—more familiarly known in saloon art as Custer's Last Stand. As the biography is dished up in this film under Raoul Walsh's direction, some of it is dull and some like the spectacular riding and battling, is very exciting—but all of it seems endless. Errol Flynn plays General Custer picturesquely with a beautiful permanent wave in his long hair and with a mad look on his determined face. Olivia de Havilland acts as if it weren't too much fun to be the wife of a reckless hero. And there are other historical figures: President Grant, Winfield Scott (made very much alive through Sidney Greenstreet's fine performance), Phil Sheridan, Crazy Horse. But one hundred and forty minutes is a long time to watch heroes dying with their boots on or off.

Those who saw Gertrude Lawrence on the stage in *"Skylark"* wondered why Hollywood bothered with this slight Samuel Raphaelson play. Those who see the finished movie will wonder still more why it was made. Its story flippantly deals with the Kenyons whose five-year-old marriage almost goes on the rocks when Tony (Ray

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Milland) loves his advertising business too much and his wife (Claudette Colbert) too negligently. She falls for the phony poetic line of a "ten-cent-store cynic" (Brian Aherne) and walks out on Tony but comes running back when Tony changes his job; anyway she gets seasick on the cynic's sailboat. This absurd nonsense runs on even beyond the point at which the play ended. Divorces in movies may indeed be built upon thin air, but this plot about divorce is built on the thinnest.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Case Against

By EDWARD SKILLIN, Jr.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that an important volume brought out by a major publisher and dealing with the question uppermost in the public mind is ignored by the reviewers. Yet such appears to be the fate of "The Armies March," * written by John Cudahy, former emissary to Poland and Eire and American Ambassador to Belgium when the nazis overran that tiny country. He is also the only American who in 1941 interviewed Adolph Hitler for publication. Moreover, the book is superbly written and embodies expert reporting on Poland, Belgium, Germany, Berchtesgaden, Spain and Portugal.

* The Armies March. John Cudahy. Scribner. $3.00.

How explain then the silence of large portions of the metropolitan press, the big-circulation weekly news magazines, the literary and leftish reviews which have greeted each new volume on the subject by belligerent American newspaper men and women with showers of ticker tape and irresponsible superlatives? The inference is obvious. John Cudahy's persuasive and documented testimony implicitly and only seldom explicitly questioning the wisdom of the Administration's present war policy is to be the victim of a conspiracy of silence, no doubt arrived at independently rather than by collusion.

Yet no one of the other authors of these "I Was There" books has inveighed again the nazis so feelingly. John Cudahy is not a professional reporter, for whom all news—crime, destruction, death, human desolation—is grist. His testimony is all the more worthy of credence in that he has deeply suffered with the people of whom he writes. He says after going through the 1940 invasion of Belgium, "When I came home last summer people remarked, with the uncomplimentary candor of old friends, about my appearance—haggard, hollow-eyed, suddenly grown old. It was the truth. In great suffering and pain I had grown old during my brief day of this second war . . . there was no idealism, no heroics, in Belgium, only the depraved spectacle of an innocent people stricken by crude, uncouth force, the insensate brutal impact of the war machine." Again later, "the German

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swastika was hoisted over the Eiffel Tower and something died within us, who were close to the heart of things. It was as if we were mourners at the funeral of the Europe we had known and loved for a lifetime."

Moreover, Mr. Cudahy was so appalled by the lack of feeling, of concern for suffering fellow-humans, that he encountered on returning to this country that "there was only one way of escaping more and more unhappiness and that was by returning to the unhappy continent, to the scene where no one was happy and few ever expected to be happy again." In the face of American callousness he felt he had to go back and share the sufferings which left his self-centered compatriots cold. The testimony of such a man deserves a hearing!

As far as we can gather the Administration holds that by supplying arms for the "democracies" and cooperating with the British blockade we shall eventually bring about Germany's internal collapse. What does Mr. Cudahy have to say to this? He allows an old friend, an Englishman who had served in the last war with him, to express it for him: "Hitler has the whole continent of Europe in his possession. There is only one way he can be beaten, that is by a smashing defeat and an invasion of Germany. That's the only way to knock out the Boche. . . . There is no hope of starving him by the blockade and this talk of knocking him out through the air is all eyewash. I don't believe any military man sincerely believes it. But we're finished unless you come in. If you are not prepared to send an expeditionary force and see it through to the far end, tell us so frankly and we shall take measures accordingly." No doubt it is impolitic just yet to talk about that expeditionary force.

Mr. Cudahy also tells of his first-hand experiences on the effect of the blockade. In Germany earlier this year he found soap, shoes, clothing scarce, but food adequate for the population. In another year, with the integration of the rich lands of the Danube Basin completed, food for Germany will be even more plentiful. So much so that the nazis are interested primarily in the oil resources of the Caucasus rather than in the grain fields of the Ukraine. And in Berlin the circulation of taxis through the streets gave evidence of ample oil reserves. In other words the weapon of the blockade is not at all what it was during the last war. Discomfort from ersatz clothing will have virtually no effect in turning the Germans against Hitler, whom they now feel is their only hope against extinction as a people. It is only honest to record here what seems to be the most unconvincing Cudahy argument. He believes that when Hitler goes, chaos will follow his departure, that his subordinates will be at each other's throats, "nor can any source of leadership be found in the army."

While the blockade is ineffective in winning the war against Germany, in Belgium it is doing a most deadly work. The sufferings are indescribable. And to think that they are unnecessary! Mr. Cudahy is an ardent advocate of the Hoover plan, and he found Cardinal van Roey, the Belgian primate, of a similar mind. The starvation of the Belgians, a crime in which oversupplied America is heavily implicated, is one of the blackest crimes of these dark hours and Mr. Cudahy paints it as just that. But it is hard to say whether he is more vehement in his sorrow over American callousness or in his tribute to the heroism of the Belgian people in their hour of travail.

It would have been useful at this point to have available for setting forth chapter and verse from "The Armies March" as to the author's prescription as to what we should do about Hitler. The main outline of what he would recommend, however, is not set forth in this book. It must be brought together by inference from various chapters and what the author is reported to have said elsewhere. From all this one may gather that Mr. Cudahy believes that the smashing military defeat of Hitler would require so gigantic a military force, such unparalleled destruction and so extensive a loss of life as to throw Europe and many other parts of the world into complete chaos.

As an alternative, then, he would seem to favor some sort of negotiated peace right now to stop the senseless slaughter, but a peace backed up by our growing military might, a peace in which all the nations would freely concur and utilize for coming together into some new international federation. Mr. Cudahy does not go into these plans here nor does he suggest how to deal with the problem of Hitler beyond emphasizing the Fuehrer's ill health. But apparently the author is convinced that throwing American manpower into the cauldron or prolonging the war in other fashion will not save the Europe for whic hhe feels so deeply. And he does attack the American blockade policy most explicitly and most vehemently. His distinguished diplomatic service and the strength of his convictions about the actual situation in Europe make his testimony all the more compelling.

It is easy to see, then, why a book like this is embarrassing to the Administration and all advocates of interventionism, why it is easier to kill the volume by silence than by attempting to meet the arguments it so tellingly advances.

For here indeed is no narrow isolationist, snug in the midst of well-guarded plenty and willing for the rest of the world to go hang. Here is a man whose heart is torn by the tragedy now being enacted in Europe who does not believe that the way out is another Thirty Years War involving millions of American men, who is convinced that peace without victory together with some powerful form of world organization is the only means of preventing the recurrence of the present holocaust. Mr. Cudahy brings many pertinent facts into his vital discussion and they cannot be got rid of by ignoring them.

CONTRIBUTORS

Clarence FINLAYSON is a Chilean scholar with an English name. He is at present teaching at Notre Dame University and has for many years been a frequent contributor to a large number of South American periodicals.

Kate VERNON is the pen name of an American who has long been associated with various forms of relief work and has first-hand knowledge of the present situation in France.

Fred LAPE writes poetry in Esperance, New York. The poem here published is an excerpt from a long narrative series called "Hill Farm." Other excerpts have appeared in *The Ladies Home Journal, The National Parent Teacher* and a variety of other publications.

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